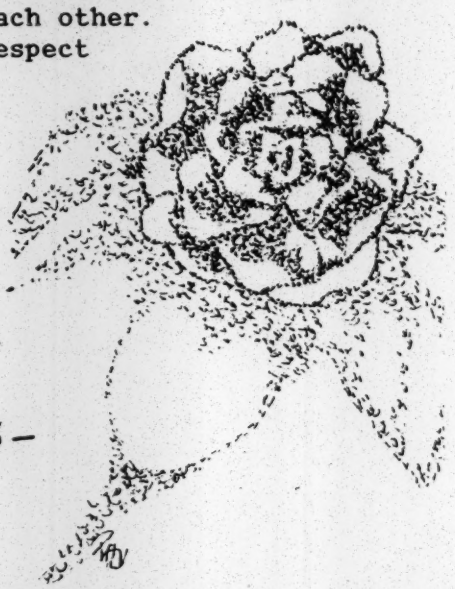
Seasonal Silver



Winter
1985

Volume 1
Number 4

The purpose of this magazine/newsletter is to express a love of Nature and a basically Humanitarian point of view. That whatever our beliefs, gender, color, sexual preference--or whatever makes us unique individual human beings--we CAN get along with and love each other.
And we CAN love and respect
Her: our Mother
the Earth



This is a seasonal/quarterly magazine/ newsletter. Staff includes Donna Lyon Rhose, Ariadiana, Geoffrey Pfaff, Miguel, Jaime Redwing, Gil Wyndel, and Arion.

With special thanks to Gary.

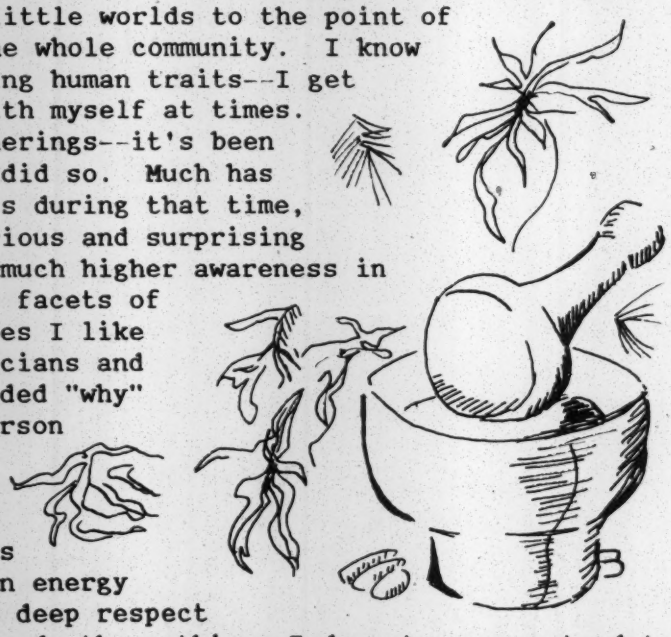
Special Contributions: Paul Wilcox - England, Pat - Wash. State, Cassandra - New Mexico

THE REFLECTIVE WOODS

EDITORIAL

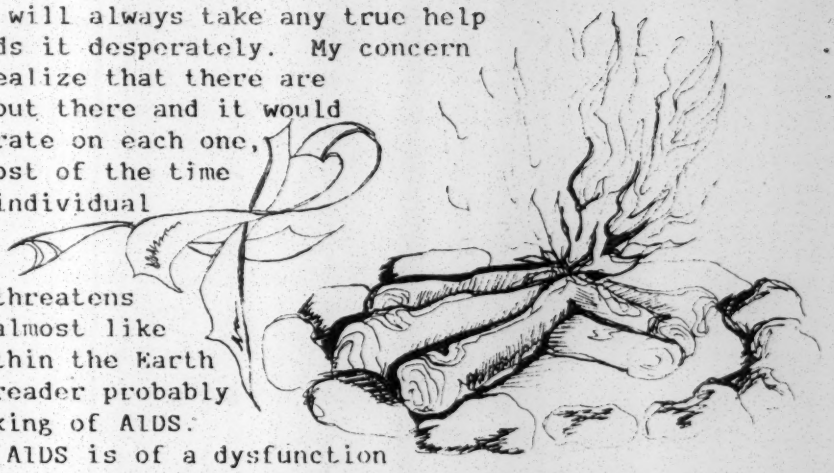
Winter is a time of reflection, and I have been doing a lot of thinking this season. Much distresses me--some I'm not really certain how to handle I get very frustrated and angry with humans sometimes, which is something I don't like in myself--blind anger never accomplishes anything. I hate to say it, but I even get very frustrated with the Pagan world as well--if for no other reason than Pagans sometimes get very wrapped up in their own little worlds to the point of not giving much credence to the whole community. I know I am hardly exempt from annoying human traits--I get rather frustrated and angry with myself at times.

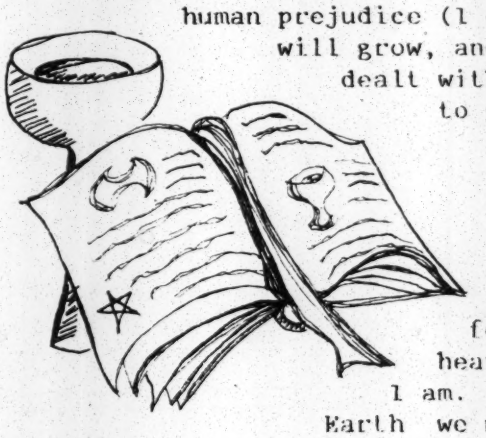
In 1985 I attended two Gatherings--it's been about five years since I last did so. Much has changed in my psychic awareness during that time, and I found the Gatherings curious and surprising experiences. I have noticed a much higher awareness in myself for distinguishing some facets of people's energies. The energies I like to be around the most are musicians and healers. I haven't quite decided "why" I like musicians yet; but a person who really IS a healer seems almost self-evident. It takes a certain self-sacrifice to be a true healer, as well as the attempt to keep as clear an energy channel as possible. I have a deep respect for anyone who even attempts to do those things I do not even pretend to have the ability to do. Most Paganism is general healing, and I commend the Pagans for that, but there is a "specialness" to a true healer.



So, I come to a challange to both healers and the Pagan community in general. I heard a lot about healing the Earth when I was at the Gatherings, which is wonderful,

don't get me wrong She will always take any true help She can get and She needs it desperately. My concern is one of disease. I realize that there are diseases upon diseases out there and it would take forever to concentrate on each one, besides the fact that most of the time healers concentrate on individual problems. But, I think there is one disease in our presence that both threatens all of Humanity and is almost like a symptom of illness within the Earth Herself. I'm sure the reader probably realizes that I am speaking of AIDS. I strongly believe that AIDS is of a dysfunction from the etheric in other words, like some huge psychic attack. Be that as it may, it is feeding and growing quicker and more frightenly than any other fatal disease around it a great deal simply because of human prejudice (I do get frustrated with HUMANS). And it will grow, and it is a threat, and it needs to be dealt with. Sending money to research and helping to give some support to victims IS something I feel we all ought to do. But, I believe very firmly in my heart that it will also take a lot of healing from the healing community. I am hearing things via other newsletters on this and I hope more is forthcoming. If I seem a little heavy handed on this issue, I am. It IS part of the healing of the Earth we need to start incorporating it NOW!





Donna

* * *PAGAN STRENGTH WEB FORMS* * *

A Pagan Strength Web has recently formed within Circle Network to protect religious freedom for Wiccans and other Pagans. The web emerged this October to fight Federal legislation aimed at denying tax exempt status to groups with any connection with Witchcraft.

Because of time and financial constraints, Circle mailed its special Pagan Action Alert about this legislation only to current subscribers to Circle Network News and to some non-subscribers living in states of Joint Conference Committee Members who would be deciding the fate of the HELMS AMENDMENT. While the Circle mailing reached several thousand Pagans, Circle wants to be able to alert even more whenever the need arises in the future.

WAYS TO HELP PAGAN STRENGTH WEB IN ITS WORK:

The Web can be contacted
c/o Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572 USA
Phone: (608) 924-2216.

DONATIONS

Money is needed to help pay for phone calls, printing and postage of special mailings, and other expenses incurred in Pagan Rights work. Make checks payable to Circle and specify that donations are for the Pagan Rights Fund.

Miguel's Herbs

WHEN YOU spend a great deal of time out doors, you must be sure to pack a first aid kit--here's a few hints to add to your kit:

GARLIC -- The allicin in GARLIC is a powerful anti-bacterial agent--good on sores or cuts--GARLIC should be taken daily as well for internal good health. Try mixing TOMATOES, GARLIC, ONIONS, oil and lemon juice as a salad and eat as much as you can take to keep away a cold.

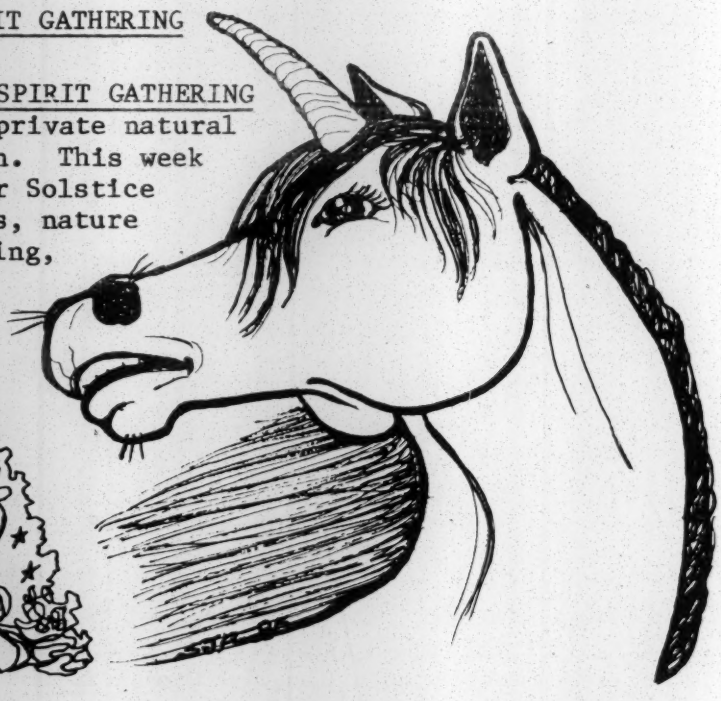
HORSERADISH -- In a drink with APPLE CIDER VINEGAR will help clear the sinus.

CLOVES -- As an oil will help deaden skin pain--when applied on a toothache, it will also alleviate pain.

CAYENNE PEPPER -- Use a tiny bit of powder on cuts to stop bleeding--]/8 of a teaspoon in]2oz. of water, when drunk, can help stop internal bleeding. In a bath, a small amount added to warm water will raise body temperature and soothe sprains and arthritis.

1986 INTERNATIONAL PAGAN SPIRIT GATHERING

The 1986 INTERNATIONAL PAGAN SPIRIT GATHERING will be held JUNE 17-22 at a private natural site in Southwestern Wisconsin. This week long celebration of the Summer Solstice and Full Moon includes rituals, nature meditations, workshops, feasting, sweatlodge, music, and more. For more information, contact Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572 USA





Constructing and Charging a Stone Circle

By Paul B. Wilcox

The following relates work performed by the author, a Priest of a Traditional group in North Staffordshire, England. His address is at the end of this article.

I had just finished dowsing the site of one of the ancient stone circles in Derbyshire and was standing before the central stone. Gazing down at the center stone, and at the other stones in the circle, I began to see "lines of energy" forming. They extended through the centre stone to the stones surrounding it, forming a network/webwork of brilliant, white light. The network formed so rapidly that I was unable to make out where the exact starting place was. In fact, at the time, I took it to be a very vivid vision without understanding its full implications.

A short time later, I had occasion to stay at a friend's house in Worcester, and it was here that the full extent of the vision made its impact. Earlier in the year, my friend had asked me if I would help him set up a stone circle behind his home. The stones we were to use had been chosen and we aligned them using a compass. The stones were first scryed to make sure they did not contain any negative influences. Of course, these stones were all natural, not man-made. Thirteen stones were used--12 for the circle and one for the central stone.

We had successfully erected the circle, and I was standing at the centre stone when I started to receive an almost identical vision to the one I received in Derbyshire--but there was one important difference: the network of light was forming at a much slower rate, so I was able to note the point where the network began. This enabled me to follow the route of the network to its completion.

My friend stood utterly bemused as I excitedly raced about the Circle showing him what was to be done since the procedure was now fixed firmly in my mind. (Due to my excitement, I went too fast and ended up writing it down for him.)

I'll explain here, about the size of the Circle we erected. There are nine paces to each stone in direct opposition; therefore, 4 1/2 paces to the centre from each stone in the Circle. However, before commencing the construction of such a Circle, there are a few things to keep in mind:

From the time you start to trace your Circle until you finish, you MUST keep the white light and its energy flowing. If you fail to do this, the network within the Circle will NOT be formed and the energies of Man and Earth will NOT be brought together.

If you are unable to "trance" (withdraw completely from everyday life and reality), you will be unable to put the concentration into forming the Circle, and you will not succeed.

The Circle represents a culmination of Human and Earth energies; and, after being fully charged, it is active ALL the time. Treat it with respect!

When you place your staff onto the central stone, you activate the energy flow between all the stones. The central stone is a generator. Incidentally, when I say "place your staff onto the central stone," I mean the end of the staff--do not lay the staff flat upon the stone.

How to Create the Circle

Take four of your thirteen stones and position them East, South, West, and North. Use a compass to do this--they must be positioned exactly. Each should be 4 1/2 paces from the center of the Circle.

Next, place two stones at equal distance between each Quarter stone (see diagram). Put the thirteenth stone in the centre and you are now ready to charge your Circle. Look at the diagram while reading this procedure. The numbers 1 through 6 chart the order of the pattern the light takes as it flows through the Circle.

Go first to the stone representing the East Quarter. Calling upon your ability to completely concentrate: draw up and out--through your body--brilliant, white light and direct it into the top of your staff, down through the length of it, and out the bottom. Holding the staff a few inches above the stones, walk slowly deosil around your Circle. You must ensure there is no break in the concentration holding the white light.

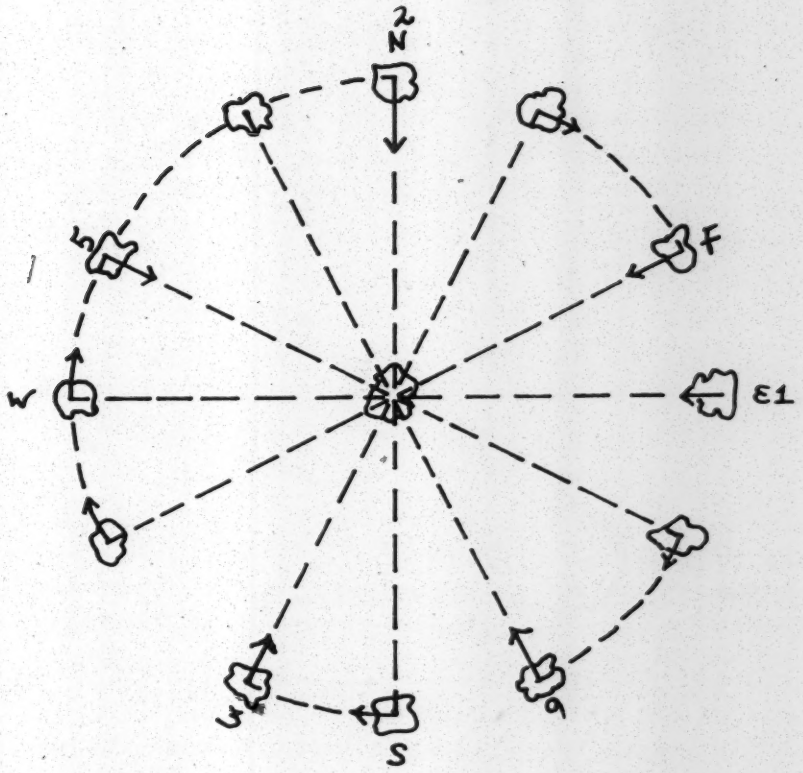
Upon arriving back in the East (Position #1), turn to face the West stone. Walk slowly across the circle continuing the flow of energy manifesting as white light. On reaching the West stone, TURN RIGHT and follow the circle around to the North stone (Position #2). Next turn inwards to face the South stone, and continuing the white light, trace this line. On reaching the South stone, TURN RIGHT and slowly walk to the FIRST STONE PAST the South stone (Position #3). Turn inwards and walk slowly across to the stone directly opposite in the Circle. TURN RIGHT and walk slowly deosil to the next stone (Position #4). Turn INWARDS and walk slowly across to the stone directly opposite. Turn RIGHT and walk slowly deosil, PAST THE FIRST STONE, for this is the West stone, which you have already traced. Upon reaching Position #5, turn INWARDS and slowly walk across the Circle, to the stone directly opposite. Turn RIGHT and walk slowly deosil, to the next stone (Position #6). Turn INWARDS and slowly walk across to the stone directly opposite. Turn RIGHT and walk slowly deosil until you are once again back at the East Stone. Turn INWARDS and slowly walk to the centre stone, still maintaining the flow of the white light. Turn to face East.

Place staff on the centre stone and say:

"Within this Circle of stone exists
the energies of Man and Earth brought together as One
perfectly balanced force.
May this force remain active
even when this circle is not in use.
This circle is now fully charged and
I dedicate its use to
the Goddess and the God.
So mote it Be!"

I consulted with a very good friend and Priestess of another Traditional group I know. Certain Traditional groups already have knowledge of this rite, but their workings have two additional requirements not divulged here due to oaths of secrecy. However, if anyone of the Traditional Path out there would like to contact me, I would be pleased to correspond with you, since I would like to try to get a dialog going between the Traditional groups--perhaps we could "compare notes" on the additional two requirements? Anyone wishing to contact me can do so by writing:

Paul B. Wilcox
117 Scotia Road
Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent
Staffs ST6-4HR, ENGLAND



TRADITIONS: Imbolc

by Ariadiana

Wolfmonath (Aefter-yul/January) howls forlornly in the cold forest weaving its wraith-gray wolf-body thru drifts of snow. The Babe Lord, newborn and weak at Solstice, begins to wax stronger and stronger. Men begin sharpening plows and hoes; women begin counting seeds intuitively winnowing out the ones that do not carry the small glow of future life within them. Children are cranky, distraught--they have been kept too long beside the fireplace listening to the growl of the wind and bundled in by blankets of snow that seem to cover the world. The Baby Sun's golden-white hand begins to move across the fields and forests--snow retreats and wind moans low on the land before going silent. If they listen closely, people can hear the tinkle of breaking icicles and feel energy beginning to rise as the Earth warms and ground turns to sludge. The Goddess as Girl (Persephone, Oester, Hertha) awakens. Solmonath (Sprout-Kale Monath/February) and the celebration of Imbolc draws near.

In the old days, the people, carrying lighted candles, circled their houses, barns, and village (in Christian times--their churches: "Candlemas"), with the New Light symbolizing the awakening of the Goddess from Her Long Sleep in the Underworld and growth of the Babe Sun-Lord into "Boyhood". A bed of corn and hay surrounded by oat candles decorated homes and cakes were shared in a circle of family and friends (in ancient days by the whole village with a presiding Druid Priest) symbolizing the hoped for fertility and abundance of fields and human life. The Eternal Return was celebrated by taking down Yule decorations (the original "Spring Cleaning") and in songs, dancing, feasting. Prayers (spells) for good planting, growing, reaping were made and round sprout-kale cakes were put in furrows for fertility (if we wish to receive, we must first give). In our continually urbanizing environment (worldwide) it is not easy for us to celebrate the First Planting with the same hope, need, or fervor our ancestors experienced. However, with the worsening of the world's pollution, both physically and astrally, we can metaphysically greet the New Light--plant the Seeds of better endeavors toward our own spiritual and physical growth. In Circle, whose energy is not just "between the worlds" but highly transformative/transmutative, we can winnow out (offer up for transformation/transmutation) old thoughts/ideas/illusions that no longer have the glow of



life in them--and plant new thoughts in furrows of soul and mind made fertile by the love and struggle, joy and despair, fear and strength it took us to get through the preceding year. We can awaken (become consciously aware) from our "sleep"--and take another step (grow) up the Spiral from the Many, thru the Two, toward the One.

As the the days grow longer and warmer...and the Wheel begins to turn, and the Spiral begins to glow, we can know with the Knowledge, See with the Eye, Love with the Heart, and Endure with the Strength while we watch what we planted grow as Life renews and we celebrate that Life is Joy and Joy is Life and...Life is Good--all is Begun, All is Joy is Life is Good is Begun.

May your Planting be such that your Harvest is
Abundantly Good on all the levels.
Blessed Imbolc,
Blessed Be!

LIFE AT HEWESCLIFF

Because some of the situations and problems of Hewescliff are somewhat unusual in nature, I hesitate to a degree to relay them. A house is being built, which for me has involved having to try to learn many new things--like hammering nails, mixing concrete, moving plywood around, learning to call lumber "lumber" instead of wood. I've learned to walk on the roof (I'm quite afraid of heights) and saw somewhat straight pieces of wood- I mean, lumber--to various sizes. Building is a constant battle to make certain all the corners are square and level. Working out a water system from an underground spring has taught me a new appreciation of hot showers. Having to presently live in a trailer is a wonderful test of temperment and humor. On nice days, I'm rarely found inside--at least the woods are wide and the neighbors are half-a-mile away. It's an odd life, but one that makes it difficult to ever conceive of having to put up with a "normal" life again. All I have to do is look out the window where nothing but the woods fill my eyes to know that even in the everyday hassels of my job and the work at Hewescliff, there is a peace to be found, an inspiration where She awaits.

The Promise

Gil Wyndel

We are the Fire of the Dragon in Her rage,
 We are the Dawn of a new and frightening age.
We are the Love that births a bright and starlit Child,
 We are the Life of a freedom great and wild.
We are the Water the lake of a thousand tears--
 We are the Night, where we must grapple with our fears.
We are the Cauldren, the Eternal Mother's womb--
 We are the Well, Who calls beyond the tomb.
We are the Earth, the clayborn shining shrine--
 We are the Healers in this death-struck time.
We are the Mountains, where the eagle hunts and flies,
 We are the Land, the backbone 'neath the skies.
We are the Air, that speaks like lightening through the trees,
 We are the Hope to fight the ranting vampiric disease.
We are the Wind, that calls the battle forth,
 We are the Magick, that finds the deamon's source.
We are the Spirit, that winds a light through every mind,
 We are the Doorway, to open the hearts of humankind.
We are the Knowledge, that will free us from this strife,
 We are the Warriors, that protect all earthborn life.
We are the Promise, that we will conquer the etheric foul--
 And we are the Damned, should we foresake this sacred vow.

Windwalker

Walk the wind--
 Over the wistful, drifting waters of Time,
 Like a misted haze over a bended, twisting river,
 forever flowing
 from Eternity to
 Eternity.



The shackled, bolted doorway between the Worlds
 Is a fiction created by our mental barriers.

Walk the wind--
 Walk within the rainbow's rays--
 Each bright, pulsating color the birth
 of some ancient Magick from the
 Age of Wonder and Awe.

Grasp the rays like ribbons from the skies to
 Light the way as you walk
 Between the Worlds.

Walk the wind--
 Make the Mother whole again,
 Let the Father smile--

Give a rainbow to the Children of the Earth--
 It will remove the barriers of our minds--
 It will heal the anger of our souls.

Walk, walk the wind.


Arion
'85

Keeping Watch

PART III The Enemy Enclave

by Jaime Redwing

All through the night, the surplus U. S. Army jeep rocked over dirt roads, through creeks, and across axle-breaking potholes. Heather and Rick (the man who had driven the produce truck that Heather had tried to escape in) sat in the back of the jeep, holding the inert body of the still unconscious Sergeant Brown. Heather couldn't look at Brown without feeling a pang of guilt. "The poor man. He was just doing his job and we may have done him lasting harm!" she grieved.

Rick snorted in disgust, "Good God, woman! He probably would've killed you given half a chance!"

Heather soothed Brown's swollen head with her fingertips. "I wish I were sure of that," she said ruefully.

Rick moved closer to her before he admonished, "If you want to worry about something, worry about something that counts. These jokers aren't driving us to a church social, you know."

Looking over her shoulder, Heather could see through the rear window of the jeep's cab. The man at the wheel and his partner, who rode shotgun (literally) were both wearing robs of white sheeting.

"You know, I'm so used to seeing them in parades that I...I just have trouble of thinking of them as...real. They're like...caricatures... symbols. It's hard to believe that they're human." She commented.

"Whether they're human or not is debatable in my book," Rick grimaced. "But, you better believe they don't have any 'humanity' in the way they treat their victims. And, this soldier you're suffering a guilt trip over is one of them."

What will they do to us?" she asked, trying to keep a tremble out of her voice.

Rick fumbled with the zipper on his jacket while he assessed her emotional condition. He didn't want to frighten her needlessly, but he did want to put her en garde. "Kid, it all depends on what kind of nut case they deliver us to. He may just say that you're a poor, misguided teacher who needs to get her head straight."

Heather shook her head 'no'. "Do you really think I'm that naive, Rick? They know I'm on the run. That alone tells them I know there is somewhere to run to. They'll assume I know where to find help. I'm small fry; Rick, but the people who might shelter me are the big fish. And so are you--you were helping me to go to them. They won't think for a minute this is the first time you've helped someone escape."

Rick shrugged, "Well, all of that depends on how smart this guy is. Some of these guys are a little on the slow side. Remember, they're not used to thinking independently. They take on blind faith whatever their superiors tell them. If they ever get up the gumption to question a decision, their superiors tell them that they are questioning God's Will--that shuts them up in a hurry."

"That's small comfort, Rick. Their lowest flunky is still someone who operates on sheer, unreasoning bigotry. That's scary enough for me," she shivered.

*** *** ***

In the predawn hours, the jeep screeched to a halt. Heather and Rick woke from an uneasy slumber and clambered out of the back under the

watchful eyes of the Klansmen. They rigged a stretcher for Sergeant Brown and Heather and Rick carried him while the Klansmen held guns trained on them.

They hiked through a wooded area for at least an hour before the dawn began to slowly define the terrain. It wasn't quite daylight when they labored up a hill and down a steep grade. As they neared a hard bend in the trail, the sun rose over a ridge and they could clearly see a sight that struck them speechless.

Lines of people--multitudes of people, chained together, slowly inched out of camouflaged pre-fab buildings and past tables where camo-clad soldiers dispensed bowls of food. Those who had eaten first were already being sheparded into a vast building, where the sounds of machinery began to filter through the early morning stillness.



"A forced labor camp!" Rick grunted in astonishment. "We've been suspecting them for years. They've watched us so closely, we could never elude them long enough to prove that the camps existed!" A rifle barrel poked in his ribs cut short further comment.

"Move on! Hurry!" their guard growled.

As they stumbled down the hill, Sergeant Brown began to mumble. Heather's heart had taken up permanent residence in her throat. 'Is this what I've got to look forward to?' she wondered.



To Be Continued.

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OPEC, P.O.Box 605, Springdale, Ar. 72764

The Sacred Union-
Experiancing NeoMythos

Donna Lyon Rose

Mystical Poetry and Mystery Plays are based primarily on an understanding of Mythology. Though I have touched lightly on Mythology, I think a little expounding would help to tie some things together.

Mythology is a combination of history, beliefs, lessons, hero/ancestor worship, and spiritual insight. Much Mythology came from the Shaman who interpreted symbolically the forces she/he touched through trance and meditation. Meditation is a key word here or even more deeply, trance. In the first stages learning to meditate--to become 'sensitized' to the energies or forces around us--creates an understanding of mood--what the energies are doing now and what the interactions of those energies are.

This is the basis of Neo-Mythos--to capture in symbol the movements and feelings of energies in our present time. Listening to the wind in a meditative state is a good way to touch on many energies. Its movement through trees, grasses and especially over water, brings a whole array of music and energies to our subconscious. The wind really does contain the secrets of this world.

When we play and/or create music, we become capable of tuning into and expressing those energies in a very similar sense as the wind does. Music is a very powerful way of conveying and communicating with energies to our human selves. Through music perceived in this way, we can move into a deep meditation that allows us to see these energies more clearly. Pulsating, rhythmic music echoes not only nature's rhythm, but shows that energy itself pulsates in circles--sometimes spiraling. Of course, this is the basis of the Three-Fold Law--energy once sent out returns to its source because of this circular movement.

Moving from meditation to trance, one starts to become immersed by the energy--to 'be' the energy. This expression is most easily seen and done by dance. It is best to start by listening and meditating to music--letting yourself feel the energy patterns and trying to get yourself to emotionally respond. This should eventually cause a trance state that, when taken to dance, becomes a visual expression of the energy you have now touched and conjoined. With music and dance come the most basic and pure formations of Mythology.

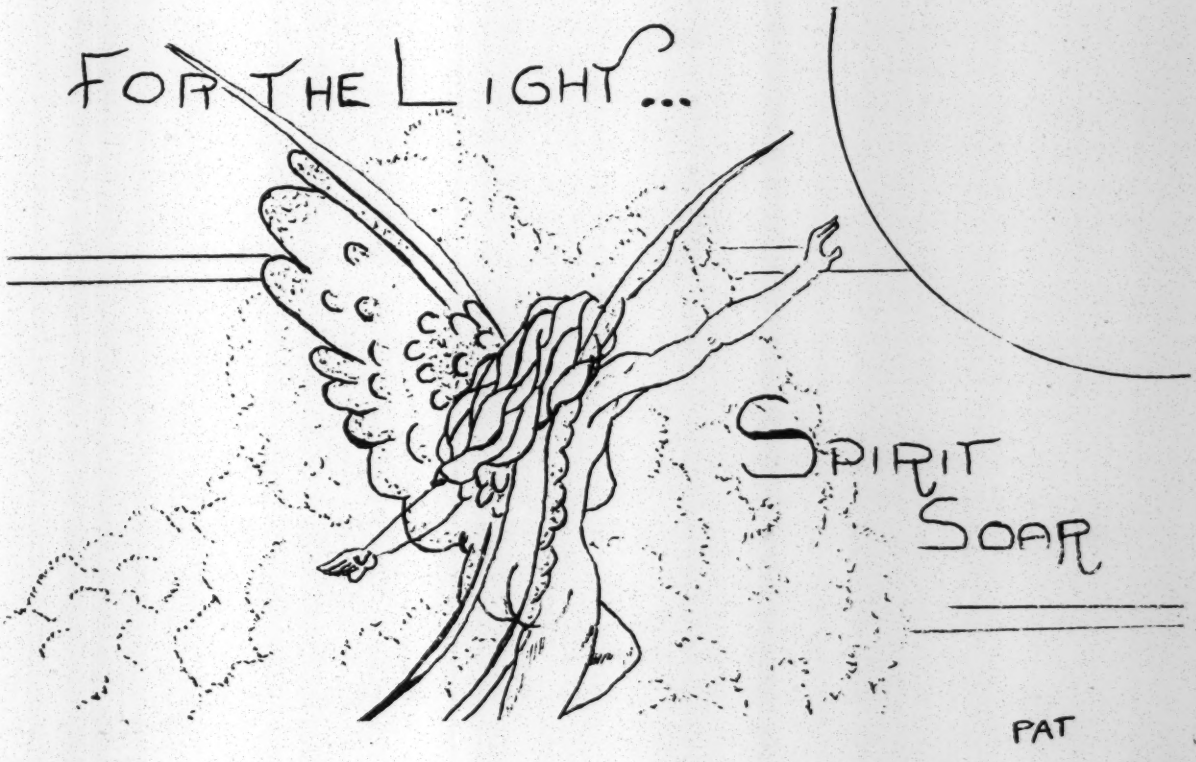
The overlay of human needs, something of ourselves expressed into the energy as well as the energy into ourselves, helps to build the format. The story lines begin as we communicate with various forces. In a Mystery Play the player becomes a channel expressing something of the forces overlaid with his/her personality. This is how the basic myths were born, with the Shaman getting others started, inciting, and controlling so that it moves but does not get out of hand. The narrater of later plays may well be the echo of this earlier function of overseeing just as the High Priest/ess does in more standard rituals. The main reason that forces take on human or quasi-human form (via masks) is because of the temporary unifications between the energies and ourselves. In this way, the Gods take on our own faces and bodies and which may be why certain Gods and Goddesses are typified as looking certain ways--perhaps they have the faces of those who originally took on the role of that God or Goddess.

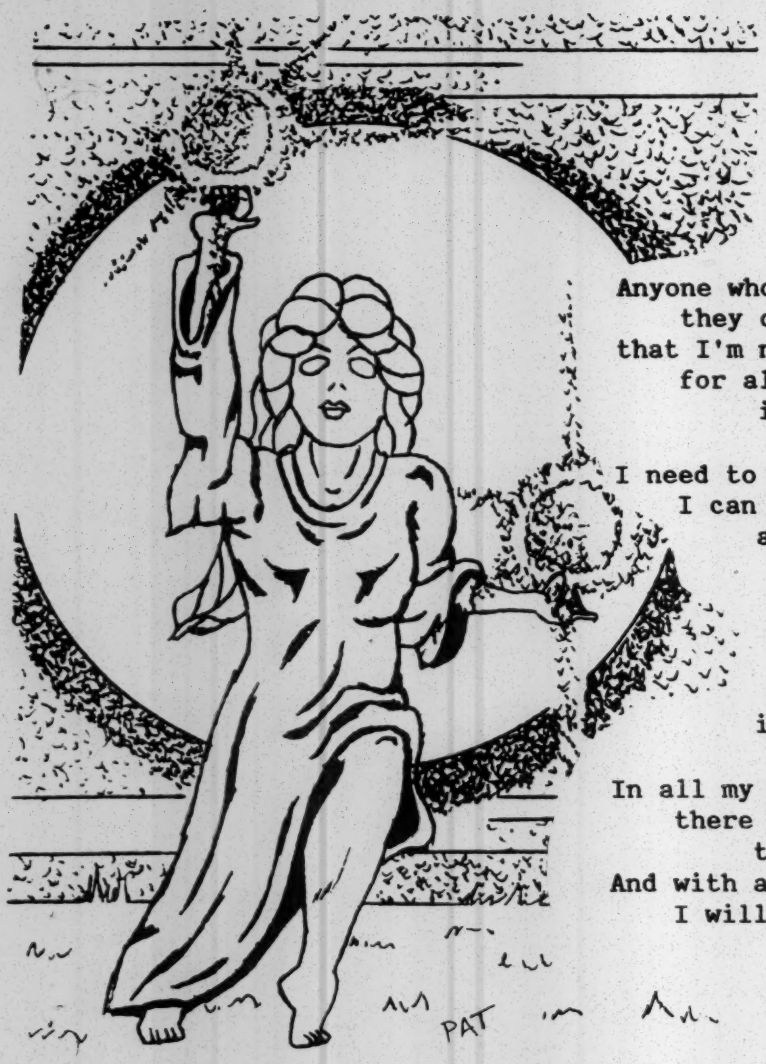
When I write, I am seeking to express various forces--not only the forces of my own mind but the echo of the forces of All Life. I have come to believe my characters are very real life forces that come to me

and impress me for interpretation and quasi-solid form. I am quite literally 'haunted' by these energies who have found a place to live and play--who also expect to further their life by being read and experienced by others. This gives me a clue as to why Gods are said to die. No, the forces and energies never die; but the format--the characters--can. The energies do 'dance' on this plane 'through' us. When something is no longer read, no longer danced, no longer sung, it is said to 'die'. This is not wrong or sad; however, the energies must be revitalized to make them strong and helpful to our human condition. With our present lives, our present needs--we can call new myths into being though the energies themselves are ancient. The Gods 'do' need us to live as much as we need them to help us as we learn and grow. Conjoined with them, we can learn to touch the stars, for, in reality, we are them and they are us.

The only other thing to remember when one does pursue these experiences is that it is best to keep them temporary, always put up a protective light, and "ground" the energy after the experience. These forces and energies are often very strong. Their world bleeds over into ours through us and we to theirs through them though our native worlds are somewhat separate. The energies are neither good nor evil and one must look to one's own heart to make certain the energy projects itself in a helpful manner. They also expect to be helped as well as being helpful, for they feed on us as we feed on them in these unions.

These experiences must be kept temporary so that our own personalities will remain intact and not get caught up in delusions of grandure or over-emotionalism that will ruin our physical plane lives. There is always some overhang from the energies--some of the influence does remain and can enhance our personal lives--but the intensity of the union could be damaging to one physically and mentally if sustained too long. The importance of the overseeing and guidance of the experienced Shaman-High Priest/ess cannot be overemphasized. However, let me also say the positive potential of these most sacred unions can both lift the player and the audience to a higher plane--to the plane where Mythology comes alive and the Gods and Goddesses come out to dance.





Anyone who looks at me--
they can see--
that I'm not so kind
for all my living,
is stuck on you.

I need to know when I'm tired and low,
I can find you,
and you will hold me.

After all this time,
it's still you I run to.

Whenever I sleep,
it's still you I dream of.

In all my selfishness,
there is not another one,
to take your place.
And with all my soul,
I will give you all you need.

Miguel/85

SPECIAL NOTE TO ATLANTANS

Folks in the Atlanta Metro area, please remember AID Atlanta. They have many openings for volunteers as well as needing financial support. For information contact them at 1132 Peachtree Street, N.W., Suite 112, Atlanta, GA, 30309. Phone: 404-872-0600.

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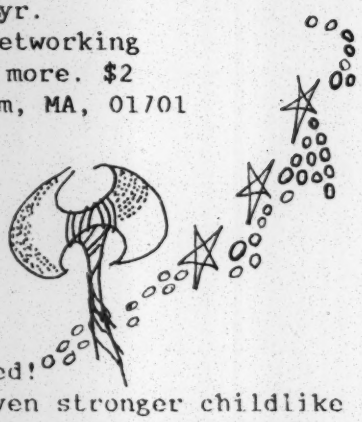
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If you want to be included in the group directory of the next edition of Circle Network's PAGAN RESOURCE GUIDE, please contact Circle right away. The new Guide is to be published early in 1986. Send the following: Name of Group, group mailing address, brief description of Path/Tradition, and Focus. Write: Resource Guide, Circle, Box 219, Mt. Horeb, WI 53572 USA.

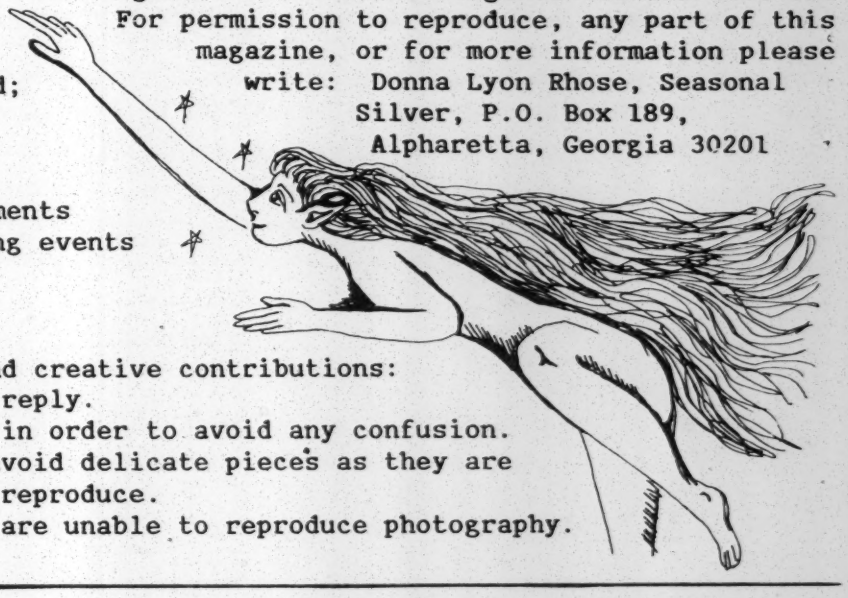
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Type literature in order to avoid any confusion.
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